Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.
Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.
Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander*.
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. Your ſeruant and *Coſtard*.
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*.
Clow. O ſir you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour in ſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſandar*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*
Qu. Stand aſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe.
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*
Ped. Iudas *I am*.
Dum. A Iudas?
Ped. Not *Iſcariot ſir*.
Iudas I am, yclyped Machabeus.
Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.
Ber. A kiſsing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?
Ped. *Iudas I am.*
Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.
Ped. What meane you ſir.?
Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.
Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.
Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.
Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boy. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.
Boy. The Pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do ſo.
Boy. Therefore as he is an Aſſe, let him goe:
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.
Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boy. A light for mounſier *Iudas*, it growes dark, he may ſtum
Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he beene baited

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Ar
Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will no
merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.
Boy. But is this *Hector*?
Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.
Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.
Dum. More Calfe certaine.
Boy. No he is beſt indued in the ſmall.
Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.
Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.
Ber. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, g*
Hector *a gift*.